

4-a-

Sapho and Phao,

*Played beefore the*

Queenes Maiestie on Shroue-  
tewsday, by her Maiesties  
*Children, and the Boyes  
of Paules.*

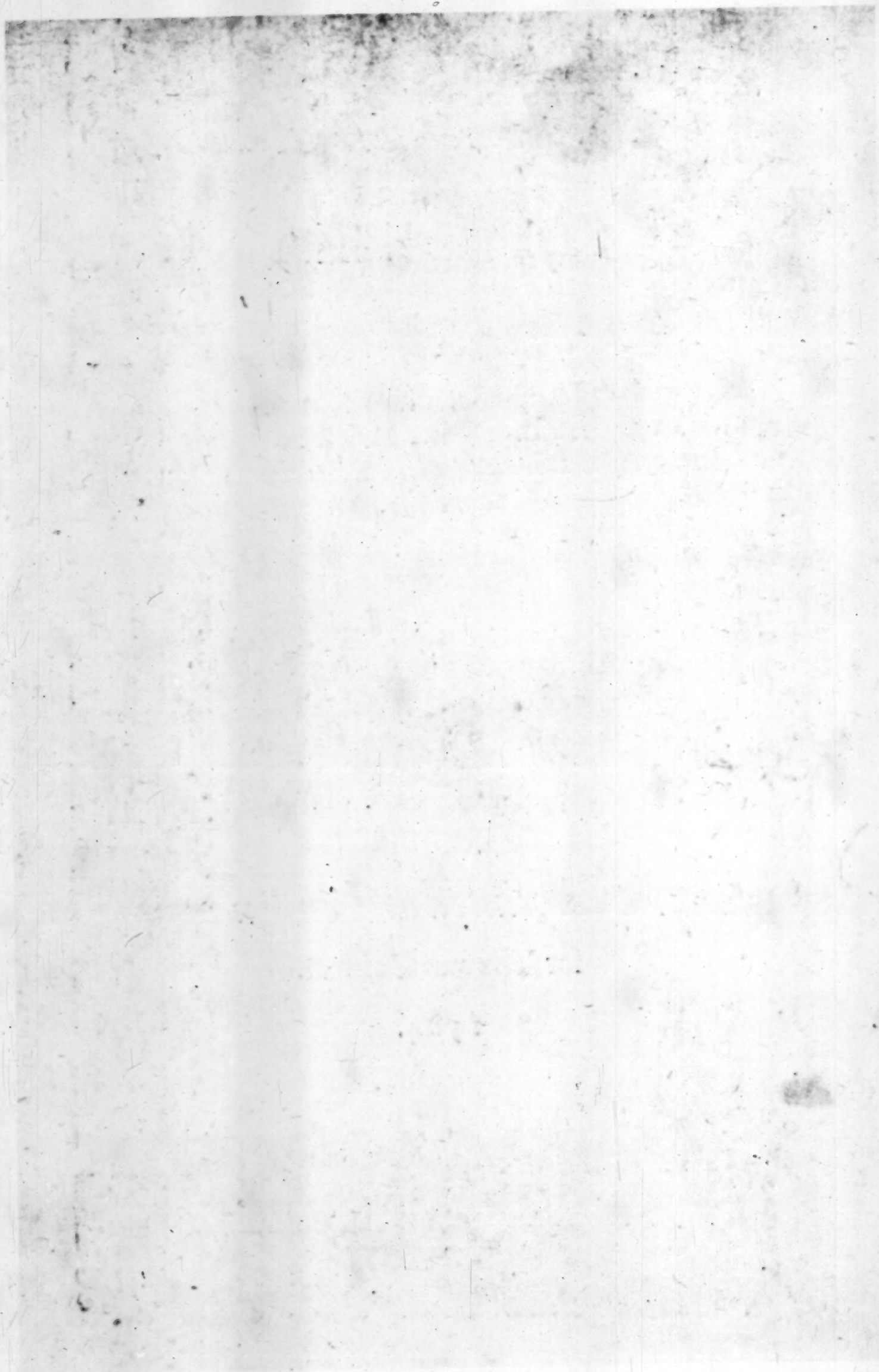


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## *The Prologue at the Black fryers.*



Here the Bee can suck no honney, she lea-  
ueth her stinge behinde, and where the  
Beare cannot finde *Origanum* to heale his  
griefe, he blasteth all other leaues with his  
breath. Wee feare it is like to fare so with  
vs, that seeing you cannot draw from our  
labours sweete content, you leaue behinde you a sowre  
mislike, and with open reproach blame our good mea-  
nings: because you cannot reap your wonted mirthes.  
Our intēt was at this time to moue inward delight, not  
outward lightnesse, and to breede, (if it might bee) soft  
smiling, not loude laughing: knowing it to the wise to  
be as great pleasure to heare counsell mixed with witte,  
as to the foolish to haue sporte mingled with rudenesse.  
They were banished the Theater at Athens, and from  
Rome hyssed, that brought parasites on the stage with  
apish actions, or fooles with vnciuill habites, or Curti-  
sans with immodest words. We haue endeoured to be  
as farre from vnseemely speeches, to make your eares  
glowe, as wee hope you will bee from vnkinde reportes  
to make our cheekes blush. The Griffyon neuer sprea-  
deth her wings in the sunne, when she hath any sick fea-  
thers: yet haue we ventured to present our exercise bee-  
fore your iudgements, when we know them full of weak  
matter, yeelding rather our selues to the curtesie, which  
we haue euer found, then to the presisenesse, which wee  
ought to feare.

## The Prologue at the Court.



He *Arabyās* being stuffed with perfumes,  
burn Hemlock, a ranck poison: & in *Hy-*  
*bla* being cloid with hōney, they account  
it daintie to feede on waxe. Your High-  
nesse eies, whome varietie hath filled with  
fayre shoves, and whose eares pleasure  
hath possessed with rare soundes, will (we trust) at this  
time resemble the princely Eagle, who fearing to sur-  
feit on spices, stoupeth to bite on wormwood. We pre-  
sent no conceites nor warres, but deceites and loues,  
wherein the trueth may excuse the plainenesse: the ne-  
cessitie, the length: the poetrie, the birternesse. There is  
no needelesse point so smal, which hath not his cōpasse:  
nor heare so slender, which hath not his shadowe: nor  
sporte so simple, which hath not his shoue. Whatsoever  
we presēt, whether it be tedious (which we feare) or toy-  
ishe (which we doubt) sweete or sowre, absolute or im-  
perfect, or whatsoever, in al humblensse we all, and I on  
knee for all, entreate, that your Highnesse imagine your  
self to be in a deepe dreame, that staying the conclusi-  
on, in your rising your maiestie vouchsafe but to saye,  
*And so you awake*



# Actus primus, Schæna prima.

## Phao, Venus, Cupid.

Phao.



Hou art a Ferrimã, Phao, yet a free man, possessing for riches content, & for honors quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher then thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater then thy calling.

Who climeth, standeth on glasse, and falleth on thorne. Thy hearts thirste is satisfied with thy hands thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day, turne to sweete slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thine oare in a calme streame, as it dooth Sapho to swaye the Scepter in her braue court. Enuie neuer casteth her eie lowe, ambition pointeth alwayes vpwarde, and reuenge barketh onely at starres. Thou farest delicately, if thou haue a fare to buy any thing. Thine angle is readie, whē thine oare is idle, and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the ryuer, as the fowle which other buye in the market. Thou needest not feare poyson in thy glasse, nor treason in thy garde. The winde is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood with pollicie. O sweete life seldom found vnder a goldē couert, oftē vnder a thached cotage. But here commeth one, I will withdrawe my self aside, it may be a passenger.

Venus It is no lesse vnseemely then vnwholsom for Venus, who is most honoured in princes courtes, to sojourn with Vulcan in a smithes forge, where bellows blow in steede of sighes, dark smokes rise for sweete perfumes, & for the panting of louing hearts, is only heard the beating of steeled hammers. Vnhappy Venus, bearing fire in thin own breast, thou shuldest dwell with fire in his forge, What



*Sapho and Phao.*

What doth Vulcan all day but endeavour to be as crabbed in maners, as he is crooked in body? driuing nailes, when he should giue kisses, and hammering hard armours, when he should sing sweete Amours. It came by lot, not loue, that I was lincked with him. He giues thee bolts, Cupid, in steed of arrowes, fearing belike (iealous foole that he is) that if he shuld giue thee an Arow head, he should make himself a broad head. But come, we wil to Syracuse, where thy deitie shal be shown, and my disdain. I will yoke the necke, that yet neuer bowed, at which, if Ioue repine, Ioue shal repent. Sapho shal know, be she neuer so faire, that there is a Venus, which can conquer, were she neuer so fortunate.

*Cupid* If Ioue espie Sapho, he will deuise some new shape to entertaine her.

*Venus* Strik thou Sapho, let Ioue deuise what shape he can.

*Cupid* Mother, they say she hath her thoughtes in a string, that she conquers affections, and sendeth loue vp and downe vpon arrandes, I am afraid she wil yerke me, if I hit her.

*Venus* Peeuish boy, can mortal creatures resist that, which the immortall Gods cannot redresse?

*Cupid* The Gods are amorous: and therefore willing to be pearfed.

*Venus* And she amiable, & therefore must be pearfed.

*Cupid* I dare not.

*Venus* Draw thine arrow to the head, els I wil make thee repent it at the heart. Come away, and behold the ferry boy ready to conduct vs. Prety youth, do you keep the ferry, that bendeth to Syracuse?

*Phao* The ferrie, faire Lady, that bendeth to Syracuse.

*Venus* I feare, if the water should begin to swell, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

*Phao*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Phao* These waters are commonly as the passengers be, and therefore carying one so faire in shew, there is no cause to feare a rough sea.

*Venus* To passe the time in thy boate, canst thou devise any pastime?

*Phao* If the winde be with me, I can angle, or tell tales: if against me, it will be pleasure for you to see mee take paines.

*Venus* I like not fishing: yet was I borne of the sea.

*Phao* But he may blesse fishing, that caught such an one in the sea.

*Venus* It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a nette.

*Phao* So was it said, that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

*Venus* Didst thou heare so? It was some tale.

*Phao* Yea Madame, and that in the boate I didde meane to make my tale.

*Venus* It is not for a ferrie man to talk of the Gods loues: but to tell how thy father could dig, and thy mother spinne. But come, let vs away?

*Phao* I am ready to waite.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus primus: Scena secunda.*

*Trachinus, Pandion, Cryticus, Molus.*

*Trachi.* Pandion, since your comming from the vniuersitie to the court, from Athens to Syracuse, howe doe you feele your self altered either in humor or opinion?

*Pandi.* Altered Trachinus, I say no more, and shame that any should know so much.

*Trach.* Here you see as great vertue, far greater braverie, the action of that which you cōtemplate. Sapho faire by nature, by birth royall, learned by education, by government politike, rich by peace: insomuch as it is hard to iudge, whether she be more bewtifull or wise, vertu-

*Sapho and Phao.*

ous or fortunate. Besides, doe you not looke on faire Ladies in steede of good letters, and behold faire faces in steede of fine phrases. In vniuersities vertues and vices are but shadowed in colours white and blacke, in courtes shewed to life good and bad. These times paste are read of in old bookes, times present set downe by new deuises, times to come coniectured at by ayme, by prophecie, or chaunce: here are times in perfection, not by deuise, as fables, but in execution, as trueths. Beleue me Pandion, in Athens you haue but tombs, we in court the bodies, you the pictures of Venus & the wise Goddesses, we the persons & the vertues. What hath a scholler found out by studie, that a courtier hath not found out by practise. Simple are you that think to see more at the candle snuffe then the sunne beames, to saile further in a litle brooke, then in the maine Ocean, to make a greater haruest by gleaning, then reaping. How say you Pandion, is not all this true?

*Pandi.* Trachinus, what would you more, all true.

*Trach.* Cease then to lead thy life in a studie, pinned with a fewe boardes, and endeouour to be a courtier to liue in emboste rouffes.

*Pandi.* A labour intollerable for Pandion.

*Trach.* Why?

*Pandi.* Because it is harder to shape a life to dissemble, then to goe forward with the libertie of trueth.

*Trach.* Why, do you thinke in court any vse to dissemble?

*Pandi.* Doe you knowe in court any that meane to liue?

*Trach.* You haue no reaso for it, but an old reporte.

*Pandi.* Reporte hath not alwaies a blister on her tongue.

*Trach.* I, but this is the court of Sapho natures miracle, which resembleth the tree *Salurnus*, whose roote is fastened vpon knotted Steele, & in whose top bud leaues of pure gold.

*Pandi.*



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*Pandi.* Yet hath *Salurns* blasts, and water boughes,  
wormes and Caterpillers.

*Trach.* The vertue of the tree is not the cause: but  
the Easterly wind, which is thought commonly to bring  
cankers and rottenesse.

*Pandi.* Not the excellencie of *Sapho* the occasion:  
but the iniquitie of flatterers, whoe alwaies whisper in  
Princes eares suspicion and sowrenesse.

*Trach.* Why, then you conclude with me, that *Sapho*  
for vertue hath no copartner.

*Pandi.* Yea, and with the iudgement of the world,  
that she is without comparifon.

*Trach.* We wil thither streight.

*Pandi.* I woulde I might returne streight.

*Trach.* Why, there you may liue still.

*Pandi.* But not still.

*Trach.* Howe like you the Ladies, are they not pas-  
sing faire?

*Pandi.* Mine eie drinketh neither the colour of wine  
nor women.

*Trach.* Yet am I sure that in iudgemente you are  
not so seuerer, but that you can be content to allowe of  
bewtie by day or by night.

*Pandi.* When I behold bewtie before the sunne, his  
beams dimme bewtie: when by candle, bewtie obscures  
to arch light, so as no time I can iudge, because at anie  
time I cannot discerne, being in the Sunne a brightnesse  
to shadow bewtie, and in bewtie a glistering to extin-  
guish light.

*Trachi.* Schollerlike said, you flatter that, whiche you  
seeme to mislike, and to disgrace that, which you moste  
wonder at. But let vs away.

*Pandi.* I follow. And you sir boyes goe to *Syracusa*  
about by land, where you shall meete my stuffe, paye for  
the cariage, and conuey it to my lodging.

*Trach.* I think all your stuffe and bundles of paper:



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but now must you learne to turne your library to a war<sup>d</sup>  
drope, and see whether your rapier hang better by your  
side, then the penne did in your eare.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus primus, Scæna tertia.*

*Criticus, Molus.*

*Criti.* Molus, what oddes betweene thy commons in  
*Athens*, and thy diet in court? A pages life & a schollers?

*Molus.* This difference, there of a litle I had somewhat,  
here of a great deale nothing, there did I weare Panto-  
pheles on my legs, here doe I beare them in my handes.

*Criti.* Thou maist be skilled in thy Logick, but not in  
thy Lerypoope: belike no meate can downe with you,  
vnlesse you haue a knife to cutte it: but come among vs,  
and you shall see vs once in a morning haue a mouse at a  
bay.

*Molus.* A mouse? vnproperly spoken.

*Criti.* Aptly vnderstoode, a mouse of beafe.

*Molus.* I thinke indeede a peece of beafe as bigge as a  
mouse, serues a great companie of such cattles. But what  
els?

*Criti.* For other sportes, a square die in a pages poc-  
ket, is as decent as a square cap on a Graduates head.

*Molus.* You courtiers be mad fellowes, wee silly soules  
are onely plodders at *Ergo*, whose wittes are claspt vppe  
with our bookes, and so full of learning are we at home,  
that we scarce know good manners when wee come a-  
broad. Cunning in nothing but in making small things  
great by figures, pulling on with the sweate of our stu-  
dies a great shooe vpon a litle foote, burning out one  
candle in seeking for an other, raw worldlings in matters  
of substaunce, passing wranglers about shadowes.

*Criti.* Then is it time lost to be a scholler. We Pages are  
*Politians*: for looke what we heare our maisters talke of,  
we determine of: where we suspect, we vndermine: and  
where



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where we mislike for some perticuler grudge, there we pick quarrels for a generall grieve. Nothing amonge vs but in steede of good morow, what newes: we fall from cogging at dice, to cogge with states: and so forward are meane men in those matters, that they wold be cocks to tread down others, before they be chickē to rise themselves. Youthes are very forward to stroke their chins, though they haue no beardes, and to lie as lowd as hee that hath liued longest.

*Molus.* These be the golden daies.

*Criti.* Then be they very darke daies: for I can see no golde.

*Molus.* You are grosse witted, maister courtier.

*Criti.* And you maister scholler slender witted.

*Molus.* I meant times which were prophesied golden for plentie of all things, sharpnesse of wit, excellencie in knowledge, pollicie in gouernment, for,

*Criti.* Softe *Scholaris*, I denie your argument.

*Molus.* Why, it is no argument.

*Criti.* Then I denie it, because it is no argument. But let vs go and follow our maisters. *Exeunt.*

*Actus primus, Schæna quarta.*

*Mileta, Lamia, Fauilla, Ismena, Canope, Eugenna.*

*Milet.* Is it not straunge that Phao on the sodain shuld be so faire?

*Lamia.* It cannot be straunge, sith Venus was disposed to make him faire. That cunning had beene better bestowed on women, which would haue deserued thanks of nature.

*Isme.* Haplye she did it in spite of women, or scorne of nature.

*Cano.* Proude else, how squeamish he is become already, vsing both disdaineful lookes, & imperious words: insomuch that he galleth with ingratitude. And then Ladies you know how it cutteth a woman to become a woocr.



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*Euge.* Tush, children and fooles, the fairer they are, the sooner they yeeld, an apple will catch the one, a baby the other.

*Isme.* Your loouer I think be a faire foole: for you loue nothing but fruit and puppets.

*Mileta.* I laugh at that you all call loue, and iudge it onely a word called loue. Me thinks lyking, a curtesie, a smile, a beck, and such like, are the very Quintessence of loue.

*Fauilla.* I Mileta, but were you as wise, as you would be thought faire, or as faire, as you thinke your self wise, you would bee as readie to please men, as you are coye to prancke your self, and as carefull to be accounted amorous, as you are willing to be thought discrete.

*Mileta.* No, no, men are good soules (poore soules:) who neuer enquire but with their eies, louing to father the cradle, though they but mother the childe. Giue me their giftes, not their vertues, a graine of their golde weigheth downe a pound of their witte, a dram of giue me, is heauier then an ounce of heare me. Beleeue mee Ladies, giue is a pretie thing.

*Isme.* I cannot but oftentimes smile to my selfe to heare men call vs weake vesselles, when they proue themselves broken hearted, vs fraile, when their thoughtes cannot hang together, studying with words to flatter, and with bribes to allure, when we commonly with their tongues in their purses, they speake so simply, and theyr offers in their bellies, they do it so peeuishly.

*Mileta.* It is good sporte to see them want matter: for then fall they to good manners, hauing nothinge in their monthes but sweete mistresse, wearing our hands out with courtly kilsinges, whē their wits faile in courtly discourfes. Now ruffling their haires, now setting their ruffes, then gazing with their eies, then sighing with a priuie wring by the hand, thinking vs like to be wooed by signes and ceremonies.

*Euge.*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Euge.* Yet we when we swear with our mouthes we are not in loue, then we sigh from the heart and pine in loue.

*Canoe.* We are madde wenches, if men marke our wordes: for whē I say, I would none cared for loue more then I, what meane I, but I woulde none loued but I, where we cry away, doe we not presently say, goe to: and when men strue for kisses, we exclaime, let vs alone, as though we would fall to that our selues.

*Fanilla* Nay, then Canope, it is time to goe, and behold Phao?

*Isme.* Where?

*Fanilla* In your heade Ismena, no where els: but let vs keepe on our way.

*Isme.* Wisely.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus secundus, Schœna prima.*

*Phao, Sybilla.*

*Phao* Phao, thy meane fortune causeth thee to vse an oare, and thy sodaine bewtie a glasse: by the one is seene thy need, in the other thy pride. O Venus, in thinking thou hast blest me, thou hast curst me, adding to a poore estate, a proud heart, and to a disdained man, a disdaining minde. Thou doest not flatter thy selfe Phao, thou art faire: faire? I feare me faire be a word too foule for a face so passing fayre. But what auaieth bewtie, hadst thou all thinges thou wouldest wish, thou mightst die to morow, and didst thou want all things thou desirest, thou shalt liue till thou diest. Tushe Phao, there is growne more pride in thy minde, then fauour in thy face. Blush foolish boy, to think on thine own thoughts, cease complaints, & craue counsell And loe, behold Sybilla, in the mouth of her caue, I will salute her. Ladye, I feare me I am out of my way, and so benighted withall that I am compelled to aske your direction.

B<sub>3</sub>

*Sybilla*



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*Syb.* Faire youth, if you will be aduised by mee, you shall for this time seeke none other Inne, then my caue: for that it is no lesse perillous to trauaile by night then vncomfortable.

*Phao.* Your curtesie offered hath preuented what my necessitie was to entreate.

*Syb.* Come neere, take a stoole, and sit downe. Now, for that these winter nights are long, and that children delight in nothing more then to heare old wiues tales, we will beguile the time with some storie. And though you behold wrinckles and furrowes in my tawnie face: yet may you happily finde wisdom and counsell in my white haire.

*Phao.* Lady, nothing can content me better the a tale, neither is there any thing more necessary for mee then counsell.

*Syb.* Were you borne so faire by nature?

*Phao.* No, made so faire by Venus.

*Syb.* For what cause?

*Phao.* I feare me for some curse.

*Syb.* Why, doe you loue, and cannot obtaine?

*Phao.* No, I may obtaine, but cannot loue.

*Syb.* Take heede of that my childe.

*Phao.* I cannot chuse good Madame.

*Syb.* Then hearken to my tale, which I hope shall be as a streight thread to leade you out of those crooked conceites, and place you in the plaine path of loue.

*Phao.* I attend.

*Syb.* When I was young, as you nowe are, I speake it without boasting, I was as bewtiful: for *Phæbus* in his Godhead sought to gette my maydenhead: but I fonde wench, receiuing a benefit from aboue, began to waxe squemishe beneath, not vnlike to *Asolis*, which beeing made greene by heauenly droppes, shrinketh into the ground when there fall showers: or the *Syrian* mudde, which being made white chalk by the sunne, neuer ceaseth rolling, till it lie in the shadow. He to sweete praier added



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added great promises, I, either desirous to make trial of his power, or willing to prolong mine owne life, caught vp my handful of sand, consenting to his suite, if I might liue as many yeares as there were graines. *Phæbus*, (for what cannot Gods doe, and what for loue will they not do,) graunted my petition. And then I sighe and blushe to tell the rest, I recalled my promise.

*Phao.* Was not the God angry to see you vnkinde?

*Syb.* Angry my boy, which was the cause that I was vnfortunate.

*Phao* What reuenge for such rigor vsde the Gods?

*Syb.* None, but suffring vs to liue, and know wee are no Gods.

*Sapho.* I pray tell on.

*Syb.* I will. Hauing receiued long life by *Phœbus*, & rare bewtie by nature, I thought all the yeere woulde haue beene May, that fresh colours would alwaies continue, & time & fortune could not weare out, what Gods and nature had wrought vppe: not once imagining that white and red should returne to black and yellow, the Juniper, the longer it grew, the crookedder it waxed, or that in a face without blemish, there should come wrinkles without number. I did as you do, go with my glasse rauished with the pride of mine own bewtie, & you shal do as I doe, loath to see a glasse, disdaining deformitie. There was none that heard of my fault, but shunned my fauour, inso much as I stooped for age before I tasted of youth, sure to be long liued, vncerteine to bee beloued. Gentlemen that vsde to sigh from their heart es for my sweete loue, began to point with their fingers at my withered face, & laughed to see the eies, out of which fire seemed to sparkle, to be suckered being old with spectacles. This causeth me to withdraw my selfe to a solitarie caue, where I must leade sixe hundred yeeres in no lesse pensiuenesse of crabbed age, then grieve of remembred youth. Only this comfort, that being ceased to be faire, I studie to be wise, wishing to be thought a graue matró, since I cannot returne to be a young maide.



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Phao* Is it not possible to die before you becom so old?

*Sybilla* No more possible then to returne as you are, to be so young.

*Phao* Could not you settle your fancie vpon any, or would not destinie suffer it?

*Sybilla* Women willinglye ascribe that to fortune, which wittingly was committed by frowardnesse.

*Phao* What will you haue me doe?

*Sybilla* Take heede you do not as I did. Make not too much of fading bewtie, which is fair in þ cradle, & foule in the graue, resembling *Polyon*, whose leaues are white in the morning, and blew before night, or *Anysa*, which being a sweete flower at the rising of the sunne, becommeth a weede, if it be not pluckt before the setting. Fair faces haue no fruites, if they haue no witnesses. When you shall behold ouer this tender flesh a tough skinne, your eies which were wont to glaunce on others faces to be sunke so hollow, that you can scarce looke out of your own head, and when all your teeth shall wagge as faste as your tongue, then wil you repent the time which you cannot recall, and be enforced to beare what moste you blame. Loose not the pleasaunt time of your youth, then the which there is nothing swifter, nothing sweeter. Bewtie is a slippery good, which decreaseth whilest it is encreasing, resembling the Medler, which in the moment of his full ripenes is known to be in a rottennes. Whiles you looke in the glasse, it waxeth old with time, if on the Sunne, parcht with heate, if on the winde, blasted with cold. A great care to keepe it, a short space to enioy it, a sodein time to loose it. Be not coy, when you are courted. Fortunes wings are made of times feathers, which stay not whilest one may measure them. Be affable and curteous in youth, that you may be honoured in age. Roses that lose their colours, keepe their fauours, and pluckt from the stalke, are put to the still. Co-



*Sapho and Phao.*

*stonea*, because it boweth when the sunne riseth, is sweetest, when it is oldest: and children, which in their tender yeeres sow curtesie, shal in their declining states reap pittie. Be not proud of bewties painting: whose colours consume themselves, because they are bewties painting.

*Phao.* I am driuen by your counsell into diuerse conceites, neither knowing how to stande, or where to fall but to yeelde to loue is the onely thing I hate.

*Sybilla.* I comit you to fortune, who is like to play such prancks with you, as your tender yeeres can scarce beare, nor your Greene wits vnderstand. But repaire vnto me often, and if I cannot remoue the effects, yet I will manifest the causes.

*Phao.* I goe, readie to returne for aduice, before I am resolved to aduenture.

*Sybilla.* Yet yearken two wordes, thou shalt get friendship by dissembling, loue by hatred, vnlesse thou perish, thou shalt perish, in digging for a stone, thou shalt reach a starre, thou shalt be hated most, because thou art loued most. Thy death shalbe feared and wished: so much for prophecie, which nothing can preuent: and this for counsell, which thou maist follow. Keepe not companie with Antes, that haue winges, nor talke with any neere the hill of a mowle, where thou smellest the sweetenesse of serpents breath, beware thou touch no parte of the bodie. Be not mery among those that put Buglosse in their wine, and suger in thine. If any talke of the Eclipse of the sunne, say thou neuer sawest it. Nourishe no conies in thy vaultes, nor swallowes in thine eues. Sowe next thy vines *Mandrage*, and euer keepe thine eares open, and thy mouth shut, thine eies vpwarde, and thy fingers downe: so shalt thou doe better then otherwise, though neuer so well as I wishe.

*Phao.* Alas Madame, your prophesie threatneth miseries, and your counsell warneth impossibilities.

*Sybilla.* Farewell, I can answere no more.

C

*Exit.*

*Actus*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Actus secundus, Scena secunda.*

*Phao, Sapho, Trachinus, Pandion, Criticus, Molus.*

*Phao.* Vnhappy Phao. But soft, what gallant troupe is this? what Gentlewoman is this?

*Cryti.* Sapho, a Lady here in *Sycily*.

*Sapho.* What faire boy is that?

*Trach.* Phao, the Ferrie man of *Syracusa*.

*Phao.* I neuer saw one more braue: be al Ladies of such maiestie?

*Criti.* No, this is she that al wonder at and worship.

*Sapho.* I haue seldome seene a sweeter face, Be all Ferrie men of that fairenesse?

*Trach.* No Madame, this is he that Venus determined among men to make the fairest.

*Sapho.* Seeing I am onely come forth to take the ayre, I wil crosse the Ferrie, and so the fieldes, then going in through the park, I think the walke will be pleasaunt.

*Trach.* You will much delight in the flattering greene, which now beginneth to be in his glory.

*Sapho.* Sir boy, will yee vndertake to carie vs ouer the water? Are you dumb, can you not speake?

*Phao.* Madame, I craue pardon, I am spurblinde, I could scarfe see.

*Sapho.* It is pitie in so good a face there should bee an euill eie.

*Phao.* I would in my face there were neuer an eie.

*Sapho.* Thou canst neuer be rich in a trade of life of all the basest.

*Phao.* Yet content Madame, which is a kind of life of all the best.

*Sapho.* Wilt thou forsake thy ferrie, and followe the court as a page?

*Phao.* As it pleaseth fortune Madame, to whome I am a prentice.

*Sapho.* Come, let vs goe?

*Trach.*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Trach.* Will you goe Pandion.

*Pandi.* Yea.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus secundus, Scena tertia.*

*Molus, Cryticus, Calypso.*

*Molus.* Cryticus comes in good time, I shall not bee alone. What newes Cryticus?

*Criti.* I taught you that lesson, to aske what newes, & this is the newes: to morow ther shalbe a desperate fray betweene two, made at all weapons, from the browne bill to the bodkin.

*Molus.* Now thou talkest of frayes, I praye thee what is that, whereof they talke so commonlye in courte, valour, the stab, the pistoll, for the which euery man that dareth is so much honoured?

*Criti.* O Molus, beware of valour, hee that can looke bigge, and weare his dagger pomel lower the point, that lyeth at a good warde, and can hit a button with a thrust, and will into the field man to man for a bout or two, he Molus, is a shrewd fellow, and shall bee well followed,

*Molus.* What is the end?

*Cryti.* Daunger or death.

*Molus.* If it be but death that bringeth all this commendation, I account him as valiaunt that is killed with a surfet, as with a sword,

*Cryti.* How so?

*Molus.* If I venture vpon a full stomacke to eate a rashe on the coales, a carbonado, drinke a carouse, swallow all thinges that may procure sicknesse or death, am not I as valiaunt to die so in an house, as the other in a field? Me thinkes that Epicures are as desperate as soldiours, and cookes prouide as good weapons as cutlers?

*Sapho and Phao.*

- Criti.* O valiaunt knight.  
*Molus* I will die for it, what greater valor?  
*Cryti.* Schollers fight, who rather seeke to choak their  
stomackes, then see their bloud.  
*Molus* I will stand vppon this poynt, if it bee valour to  
dare die, he is valiaunt howsoeuer he dieth.  
*Criti.* Well, of this hereafter: but here commeth Cali-  
pho, we will haue some sporte.  
*Caly.* My mistresse, I think hath got a Gadfly, neuer  
at home, and yet none can tell where abroad. My maister  
was a wise man, when he matcht with such a womanne.  
When she comes in, we must put out the fire, because of  
the smoake, hang vp our hammers, because of the noise,  
and doe no worke, but watch what shee wanteth. She is  
faire, but by my troath I doubt of her honestie. I muste  
seeke her, that I feare Mars hath found.  
*Criti.* Whom doest thou seeke?  
*Caly.* I haue found those I seeke not.  
*Molus* I hope you haue found those, which are honest.  
*Caly.* It may be: but I seeke no such.  
*Molus* Cryticus, you shall see me by learning to proue  
Calipho to bee the deuill.  
*Cryti.* Let vs see: but I pray thee proue it better, then  
thou didst thy self to be valiant.  
*Molus* Calipho, I will proue thee to be the deuill.  
*Caly.* Then will I sweare thee to be a God.  
*Molus* The deuill is black.  
*Caly.* What care I?  
*Molus* Thou art black.  
*Caly.* What care you?  
*Molus* Therefore thou art the deuill.  
*Caly.* I denie that.  
*Molus* It is the conclusion, thou must not denie it.  
*Caly.* In spite of all conclusions, I will denie it.  
*Criti.* Molus, the Smith holdes you hard.  
*Molus* Thou seest he hath no reason.  
*Cryti* Tric him againe.

*Molus*



*Sapbo and Phao*

*Molus.* I will reason with thee now from a place.

*Caly.* I meane to aunswere you in no other place.

*Molus.* Like maister, like man.

*Caly.* Yt may be.

*Molus.* But thy maister hath hornes.

*Caly.* And so maist thou.

*Molus.* Therefore thou hast hornes, and ergo a deuill.

*Caly.* Be they all deuilles haue hornes?

*Molus.* All men that haue hornes, are.

*Caly.* Then are there moe deuils on earth then in hell.

*Molus.* But what dost thou answere?

*Caly.* I denie that.

*Molus.* What?

*Caly.* Whatsoeuer it is, that shall proue mee a deuill. But hearest thou scholler, I am a plaine fellow, and can fashion nothing but with the hammer. What wilt thou say, if I proue thee a smith?

*Molus.* Then will I say thou art a scholler.

*Cryti.* Proue it Calipho, and I will giue thee a good *Colaphum*.

*Caly.* I will proue it, or els.

*Cryti.* Or els what?

*Caly.* Or els I will not prooue it. Thou art a Smith: therefore thou art a smith. The conclusion, you say, must not bee denyed: and therefore it is true, thou art a smith.

*Molus.* I, but I denie your Antecedent.

*Caly.* I, but you shal not. Haue I not toucht him *Criticus*?

*Cryti.* You haue both done learnedly: for as sure as he is a smith, thou art a deuill.

*Caly.* And then he a deuill, because a smith: for that it was his reaso to make me a deuil, being a smith.

*Molus.* There is no reasonge with these *Mechanical* doltes, whose wits are in their hands, not in their heads.

*Cryti.* Be not cholericke, you are wise: but let vs take vp this matter with a song.



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Cali.* I am content, my voice is as good as my reason.

*Molus.* Then shall we haue sweete musick. But come, I will not breake of.

*Song.*

*Exeunt.*

*Actus secundus, Schœna quarta?*

*Phao, Sybilla.*

*Phao.* What vnacquainted thoughtes are these Phao, farre vnfit for thy thoughtes, vnmeete for thy birth, thy fortune, thy yeares, for Phao? vnhappy, canst thou not be content to beholde the sunne, but thou muste co-uet to build thy nest in the Sunne? Doth Sapho bewitch thee, whome all the Ladies in *Sycily* coulde not wooe: Yea, poore Phao, the greatnesse of thy mind is far aboue the bewtie of thy face, and the hardnesse of thy fortune beyonde the bitternesse of thy wordes. Die Phao, Phao die: for there is no hope if thou bee wise, nor safetie, if thou be fortunate. Ah Phao, the more thou seekest to suppress those mounting affections, they soare the loftier, and the more thou wrestlest with them, the stronger they waxe, not vnlike vnto a ball, which the harder it is throwne against the earth, the higher it boundeth into the ayre: or our *Sycilyan* stone, which groweth hardest by hammeringe. O diuine loue, and therefore diuine, beecause loue, whose deitie no conceite canne compasse, and therefore no authoritie canne constraine, as miraculous in working as mightie, & no more to bee suppressed then comprehended. Howe now Phao, whether art thou caried, committing idolatrie with that God, whome thou hast cause to blaspheme. O Sapho, faire Sapho, peace miserable wretch, enioy thy care in couert, weare willow in thy hatte, and baies in thy hart. Leade a Lamb in thy hand, and a Fox in thy head, a doue on the back of thy hand, & a sparrow in the palme. Gold boyleth best, whē it bubbleth least, water runneth smoothest, where it is deepest. Let thy loue hang at thy hearts bottom,



*Sapho and Phao*

bottom, not at the tongues brimme. Things vntold,  
are vndone, there can be no greater comforte, then to  
know much, nor any lesse labour, then to saye nothing.  
But ah thy bewtie Sapho, thy bewtie. Beginnest thou to  
blabbe? I, blabbe it Phao, as long as thou blabbest her  
bewtie. Bees that die with honney, are buried with har-  
monie. Swannes that end their liues with songs, are co-  
uered when they are dead with flowers: and they that  
till their latter gaspe commend bewtie, shall be euer ho-  
noured with benefites. In these extremities I will goe  
to none other Oracle, then Sybilla, whose olde yeares  
haue not beene idle in these young attemptes, & whose  
sound aduice may mitigate (thogh the heauens cannot  
remoue) my miseries. O Sapho, sweete Sapho, Sapho, Si-  
billa?

*Sybilla.* Who is there?

*Phao.* One not worthy to be one.

*Sybilla.* Faire Phao?

*Phao.* Vnfortunate Phao.

*Sybilla.* Come in.

*Phao.* So I wil, and quite thy tale of Phœbus, with one  
whose brightnesse darkeneth Phœbus. I loue Sapho, Sy-  
bylla, Sapho, ah Sapho, Sybilla.

*Sybilla.* A short tale Phao, and a sorowfull, it asketh pi-  
tie rather then counsell.

*Phao.* So it is Sybilla: yet in those firm yeares me thin-  
keth there should harbour such experience, as may de-  
ferre, though not take away, my destinie.

*Sybilla.* It is hard to cure that by wordes, which cannot  
be eased by hearbes, and yet if thou wilt take aduice, be  
attentiu.

*Phao.* I haue brought mine eares of purpose, and will  
hang at your mouth, til you haue finished your discourse.

*Syb.* Loue, faire child, is to be gouerned by arte, as thy  
boat by an oare: for fancie, though it cōmoeth by hazard,  
is ruled by wisdom. If my preceptes may perswade,



*Sapho and Phao.*

(and I pray thee let them perswade) I woulde wish thee first to be diligent: for that womenne desire nothinge more then to haue their seruants officious. Be alwaies in sight, but neuer slouthful. Flatter, I mean lie, litle things catch light mindes, and fancie is a worme, that feedeth first vpon fenell. Imagine with thy selfe all are to bee won, otherwise mine aduise were as vnnecessary as thy labour. It is vnpossible for the brittle mettall of womē to withstand the flattering attemptes of men: only this, let them be asked, their sex requirerh no losse, their modesties are to be allowed so much. Be prodigall in pray- ses and promises, bewtie must haue a trumpet, & pride a gifte. Peacocks neuer spread their feathers, but when they are flattered, and Gods are seldome pleased, if they be not bribed. There is none so foule, that thinketh not her selfe faire. In commending thou canst loose no la- bor: for of euery one thou shalt be beleeued. Oh simple women, that are brought rather to beleue what their eares heare of flattering men, then what their eies see in true glasses.

*Phao.* You degresse onely to make mee beleue, that women do so lightly beleue.

*Sybilla* Then to the purpose. Chuse such times to break thy suite, as thy Lady is pleasant. The wooden horse en- tred *Troy*, when the soldiers were quaffyng, and *Penelope* forsooth, whome fables make so coy, among the pottes wrong her wooers by the fists, when she lowred on their faces. Grapes are minde glasses. *Venus* worketh in *Bac- chus* presse, and bloweth fire vpon his lycour. Whē thou talkest with her, let thy speech be pleasaunt, but not in- credible. Chuse such wordes as may (as many may) melt her minde. Honney ranckleth, when it is eaten for plea- sure, and faire wordes wound, when they are hearde for loue. Write, and persist in writing, they reade more then is written to thē, and write lesse then they thinke. In co- ceite studie to be pleasaunt, in attire braue, but not too curious,



*Sapho and Phao.*

curious, when she smileth, laugh outright, if rise, stande vp, if sit, lye downe, loose all thy time to keepe time with her. Can you sing, shew your cunning, can you daunce, vse your legges, can you play vppon any instrument, practise your fingers to please her fancie, seeke out qualities. If she seeme at the first cruell, be not discouraged. I tell thee a straunge thing, womenne striue, because they would be ouercome, force they call it: but such a welcome force they account it, that continually they studie to be enforced. To faire words ioyned sweet kisses, which if they gently receiue, I say no more, they will gently receiue. But be not pinned alwaies on her sleeues, straungers haue greene rushes, whē daily guests are not worth a rushe. Looke pale, and learne to be leane, that who so seeth thee, may say, the Gentleman is in loue. Vse no forcerie to hasten thy successe, wit is a witch, *Ulysses* was not faire, but wise, not cunning in charmes, but sweete in speech, whose filed tongue made those inamoured & sought to haue him inchaunted. Be not coy, beare, sooth, sweare, die to please thy Lady, these are rules for poore louers, to others I am no mistresse. He hath wit ynough, that can giue ynough. Dombe men are eloquent, if they be liberall. Beleue me, great gifts are little Gods. Whē thy mistresse doth bend her brow, do not thou bend thy fiste. Camockes must be bowed with sleight, not strēgth, water to be trained with pipes, not stopped with fluses, fire to be quenched with dust, not with swordes. If thou haue a ryvall, be pacient, arte muste winde him out, not malice: time, not might, her chaunge, and thy constancie. Whatsoeuer she weareth, sweare it becomes her, in thy loue be secrete. Venus cofers, though they bee hollow, neuer sound, & when they seeme emptiest, they are fullest. Olde foole that I am, to doe the good, I beginne to doate, and counsell that, which I would haue concealed. Thus Phao haue I giuen thee certeine regards, no rules, only to set thee in the way, not to bring thee hōe.

D

*Phao.*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Phao.* Ah Sybilla, I pray goe on, that I may glutte my selfe in this science.

*Syb.* Thou shalt not surfette Phao, whilest I diet thee. Flyes that die on the honney suckle become poyson to bees. A little in loue is a great deale.

*Phao.* But all that can be saide not enough:

*Syb.* White siluer draweth blacke lines, and sweete wordes will breede sharpe tormentes.

*Phao.* What shall become of mee?

*Syb.* Goe dare.

*Phao.* I goe, Phao, thou canst but die, & then as good die with great desires, as pine in base fortunes.

*Exit.*

*Actus tertius, Scena prima.*

*Trachinus, Pandion, Milet, Ismena, Eugenia.*

*Trachi.* Sapho is false sodenly sick, I cannot guesse the cause.

*Milet.* Some cold belike, or els a womans qualme.

*Pandi.* A straunge nature of colde, to driue one into such an heate.

*Milet.* Your Phisick sir I thinke be of the second sort, els would you not iudge it rare, that whot feuers are ingendred by cold causes.

*Pandi.* Indeede Lady I haue no more phisicke then wil purge choller, and that if it please you, I will practise vpon you. It is good for women that be waspish.

*Isme.* Fayth sir no, you are best purge your owne melancholy: belike you are a male content.

*Pandi.* It is true, and are not you a female content.

*Trachi.* Softe, I am not content, that a Male and Female content, should go together.

*Milet.* Ismena is disposed to be merie.

*Isme.* No, it is Pandion would faine seeme wise.

*Trachi.* You shall not fall out: for Pigeons after bytinge fall to billing, and open iarres make the closest iestes.

*Euge.*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Euge.* Mileta, Ismena, Mileta: Come away, my Lady is  
in a fowne.

*Milet.* Aye me.

*Isme.* Come, let vs make haste.

*Trach.* I am sorie for Sapho: because shee will take no  
phisicke, like you Pandion, who being sick of the sul-  
lens, will seeke no friend.

*Pandi.* Of men we learne to speake, of Gods to holde  
our peace. Silence shall digeste what follye hath swallo-  
wed, and wisdom weaue what fancie hath noursed.

*Trach.* Is it not loue?

*Pandi.* If it were, what then?

*Trach.* Nothing, but that I hope it be not.

*Pandi.* Whye, in courtes there is nothing more com-  
mon And as to be bald among the *Micanyans* it was ac-  
counted no shame, because they were all balde: so to be  
in loue among courtiers it is no discredit: for that they  
are alin loue.

*Trach.* Why, what doe you think of our Ladies?

*Pandi.* As of the *Seres* wooll, which beeing whitest and  
softest, fretteth soonest and deepest.

*Trach.* I will not tempt you in your deepe Melancholy,  
least you seeme sowre to those, which are so sweete. But  
come, let vs walke a litle into the fieldes, it may bee the  
open ayre will disclose your close conceites.

*Pandi.* I will goe with you: but send our pages away.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus tertius, Scæna secunda.*

*Criticus, Molus, Calipho.*

*Criti.* What browne studie art thou in Molus, no  
mirth? no life?

*Molus.* I am in the depth of my learning driuen to a  
muse, how this lent I shal scramble in the court, that was  
woont to fast so ofte in the Vniuersitie.

*Criti.* Thy belly is thy God.

*D2*

*Molus.*

*Sapho and Phao.*

*Molus.* Then is he a deaffe God.

*Criti.* Why?

*Molus.* For *venter non habet aures*. But thy backe is thy God.

*Cryti.* Then is it a blind God.

*Molus.* How proue you that?

*Criti.* Easie. *Nemo videt mantica, quod in tergo est*.

*Molus.* Then woulde the sachell that hanges at your God, *id est*, your backe, were full of meate to stufte my God, *hoc est*, my belly.

*Criti.* Excellent. But how canst thou studie, when thy minde is onely in the kitchen?

*Molus.* Doth not the horse trauaile beste, that sleapeth with his head in the maunger?

*Criti.* Yes, what then?

*Molus.* Good wittes wil apply. But what cheere is there here this Lent?

*Criti.* Fish.

*Molus.* I can eate none, it is winde.

*Cryti.* Egges.

*Molus.* I must eate none, they are fire.

*Criti.* Cheefe.

*Molus.* It is against the old verse, *Casus est nequam*.

*Criti.* Yea, but it digesteth all thinges except it selfe.

*Molus.* Yea, but if a man hath nothing els to eate, what shall it digest?

*Criti.* You are disposed to ielt. But if your silke throat can swallow no packthread, you must picke your teeth, and playe with your trencher.

*Molus.* So shal I not incurre the fulsom and vnmannery sinne of surfetting. But here commeth Calipho.

*Criti.* What newes?

*Caly.* Since my being here, I haue sweate like a dogge to prone my maister a deuill, hee brought such reasons to refelme, as I promise you, I shal like the better of his witte, as long as I am with him.

*Molus.*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Molus.* How?

*Cali.* Thus, I alwayes arguing that he had hornes, and therefore a deuill, he saide: foole, they are thinges lyke hornes, but no hornes. For once in the Senate of Gods being holden a solemn session, in the midst of their talk I put in my sentence, which was so indifferent, that they all concluded it might aswel haue beene lefte out, as put in, and so placed on each side of my head thinges lyke hornes, and called me a *Parentthesis*. Nowe my maisters, this may be true, for I haue scene it my selfe aboute diuerse sentences.

*Molus.* It is true, and the same time did *Mars* make a full point, that *Vulcan*s head was made a *Parentthesis*.

*Cryti.* This shall go with me, I trust in *Syracusa* to giue one or other a *Parentthesis*.

*Molus.* Is *Venus* yet come home?

*Caly.* No, but were I *Vulcan*, I would by the Gods,

*Criti.* What wouldest thou?

*Caly.* Nothing, but as *Vulcan* halt by the Gods.

*Criti.* I thought you would haue hardly entreated *Venus*.

*Caly.* Nay, *Venus* is easily entreated: but let that goe bie.

*Criti.* What?

*Caly.* That which maketh so many *Parentthesis*.

*Molus.* I must goe by too, or els my maister will not go by me: but meete me full with his fist. Therefore, if we shall sing, giue me my parte quickly: for if I tarrie long, I shall cry my parte wofully.

*Songe.*

*Exeunt.*

*Actus tertius, Scena tertia.*

*Sapho* in her bed, *Mileta*, *Ismena*, *Canope*, *Eugenus*, *Fanilla*, *Lamyra*.

*Sapho.* Hey ho: I know not which way to turne me. Ah, ah, I fainte, I die.

D 3

*Milet.*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Milet.* Madame, I thinke it good you haue more clothes, and sweate it out.

*Sapho.* No, no, the best ease I finde is to sigh it out.

*Isme.* A straunge disease, that should breede such a desire.

*Sapho.* A strang desire that hath brought such a disease

*Canoe.* Where Ladie, doe you feele your most paine?

*Sapho.* Where no bodie els can feele it. Canope.

*Canoe.* At the heart?

*Sapho.* In the heart.

*Canoe.* Will you haue any *Mithrydate*?

*Sapho.* Yea, if for this disease there wer any *Mithrydate*

*Milet.* Why? what disease is it Madam, that phisick can not cure?

*Sapho.* Onely the disease Miletia that I haue.

*Milet.* Is it a burning ague?

*Sapho.* I thinke so, or a burning agonie.

*Euge.* Wil you haue any of this Syrope, to moysture your mouth?

*Sapho.* Would I had some local things to dry my brain?

*Fauil.* Madame, will you see if you can sleepe?

*Sapho.* Sleepe Fauilla? I shal then dreame.

*Lami.* As good dreame sleeping, as sigh waking.

*Euge.* Phao is cunning in all kind of simples, and it is hard, if there be none to procure sleepe.

*Sapho.* Who?

*Euge.* Phao.

*Sapho.* Yea Phao, Phao, ah Phao, let him come presctly.

*Milet.* Shall we draw the curteines, whilest you gyue your selfe to slumber?

*Sapho.* Doe, but departe not, I haue such startes in my sleepe, disquieted I know not how. *In a slumber.*

*Phao, Phao.*

*Isme.* What say you Madame?

*Sapho.* Nothing, but if I sleepe not now, you sende for Phao, Ah Gods.

*Shee*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Shee falleth asleepe. The Curtaines drawne.*

*Milet.* There is a fish called *Garnus*, that healeth all sicknesse, so as whilest it is applyed one name not *Garnus*.

*Euge.* An euill medicine for vs women: for if we shuld be forbidden to name *Garnus*, we shuld chat nothing but *Garnus*.

*Canoe.* Well said Eugenua, you know your selfe.

*Euge.* Yea Canope, and that I am one of your sexe.

*Isme.* I haue hearde of an hearbe called *Lunary*, that being bound to the pulses of the sick, causeth nothinge but dreames of weddinges and daunces.

*Fauil.* I think Ismena, that hearb be at thy pulses now: for thou art euertalking of matches and merymentes.

*Canoe.* It is an vnlucky signe in the chamber of the sick to talke of mariages: for my mother saide, it foresheweth death.

*Mil.* It is very euill to Canope to sitte at the beddes feete, and foretelleth daunger: therefore remoue your stoole, and sitte by me.

*Lawy.* Sure it is some cold she hath taken.

*Isme.* If one were burnt, I thinke wee women would say, he died of a cold.

*Fauil.* It may be some conceite.

*Milet.* Then is there no feare: for yet did I neuer heare of a woman that died of a conceite.

*Euge.* I mistruste her not: for that the owle hath not shrikt at the window, or the night Rauen crooked, both being fatall.

*Fauil.* You are all superstitious: for these bee but fancies of doting age: who by chance obseruing it in some, haue set it downe as a religion for all.

*Milet.* Fauilla, thou art but a Girl, I would not haue a Weefell crie, nor desire to see a Glasse, nor an old wife come into my chamber: for then though I lyngred in my disease, I should neuer escape it.

*End of the Play.* *Sapho.*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Sapho.* Ah, whoe is there? what sodeine affrightes bee these? Me thought Phao came with simples to make me sleepe. Did no bodie name Phao beefore I beganne to slumber?

*Mil.* Yes, we told you of him.

*Sapho.* Let him be heere too morow.

*Mile.* He shall, will you haue a litle broth to comforte you?

*Sapho.* I can rellish nothing.

*Mile.* Yet a little you must take to sustaine nature.

*Sapho.* I cannot Miletas, I will not. Oh which way shall I lye? what shal I doe? Heygh ho. O Miletas, help to reare me vp, my bead, my head lyes too lowe. You pester mee with too many clothes. Fie, you keepe the chamber too hotte, anoid it, it may be I shall steale a nappe when all are gone.

*Miletas.* Wee will.

*Sapho sola.* Ah impatient disease of loue, and Goddesse of loue thrise vnpitifull. The Eagle is neuer stricken with thunder, nor the Olyue with lightning, and maye great Ladies be plagued with loue? O Venus, haue I not strawed thine Altars with sweete roses? kepte thy swannes in cleare ryuers? feed thy sparowes with ripe corne, and harboured thy doves in faire houses? Thy Tortoys haue I nourished vnder my fig tree, my chamber haue I ceeled with thy Cockleshells, & dipped thy spung into the freshest waters. Didst thou nurse me in my swadling clouts with wholsome hearbes, that I might perish in my flowering yeares by fancie? I perceiue, but to late I perceiue, and yet not too late, beecause at last, that straines are caught aswel by stooping too low, as reaching to high: that eies are bleared as soone with vapours that come from the earth, as with beames that proceede from the sunne. Loue lodgeth sometimes in caues: and thou Phoebus that in the pride of thy heate shinest all daye in our Horizon, at night dippest thy head in the Ocean. Re-  
siste



*Sapho and Phao.*

siste it Sapho, whilest it is yet tender. Of Acornes comes  
Okes, of droppes floudes, of sparkes flames, of Atomies  
Elementes. But alas it fareth with mee as with waspes,  
who feeding on serpents, make their stinges more veno-  
mous: for glutting my selfe on the face of Phao, I haue  
made my desire more desperate. Into the nest of an  
*Alcyon* no birde can enter but the *Alcyon*, and into the  
hart of so great a Ladie can any creep but a great Lord?  
There is an hearbe (not vnlike vnto my loue) whiche the  
further it groweth from the sea, the saltier it is, and my  
desires the more they swarue from reason, the more  
seeme they reasonable. When Phao commeth, what the?  
wilt thou open thy loue? Yea. No Sapho: but staring in  
his face till thine eies dasell, and thy spirites fainte, die  
before his face: then this shall be written on thy Tomb,  
that though thy loue were greater then wisdom could  
endure, yet thine honour was such, as loue could not vi-  
olate, Mileta?

*Milet.* I come.

*Sapho.* It wil not be, I can take no rest, which way soe-  
uer I turne.

*Milet.* A straunge maladie.

*Sapho.* Mileta, if thou wilt, a Martiredom. But giue me  
my lute, and I will see if in songe I can beguile  
mine own eies.

*Milet.* Here Madame.

*Sapho.* Haue you sent for Phao?

*Milet.* Yea.

*Sapho.* And to bring simples that will procure sleepe?

*Milet.* No.

*Sapho.* Foolish wench, what should the boy doe heere,  
if he bring not remedies with him? you thinke belike I  
could sleep, if I did but see him. Let him not come at al,  
yes, let him come: no, it is no matter: yet will I trie, lette  
him come: do you heare?

*Milet.* Yea Madame, it shall be doone. Peace, no noise:

E

thee



*Sapho and Phao.*

shee beginneth to fall asleepe. I will goe to Phao.

*Isme.* Goe speedily: for if she wake, and finde you not heere, shee will be angry. Sicke folkes are testie, whoe though they eate nothing, yet they feede on gall.

*The Song.*

*Actus terius, Schæna prima.*

*Milet, Phao, Ismena, Sapho, Venus.*

*Milet.* I woulde eyther your cunninge Phao, or your fortune might by simples prouoke my Lady to some slumber?

*Phao.* My simples are in operation as my simplicitie is, which if they doe litle good, assuredly they can doe no harme.

*Milet.* Were I sicke, the verye sight of thy faire face would driue me into a sound sleepe.

*Phao.* Indeepe Gentlewomen are so drowsie in their desires, that they can scarce hold vp their eies for loue.

*Milet.* I meane the delight of bewtie would so binde my senses, as I shoulde bee quickly rocked into a deepe rest.

*Phao.* You women haue an exctise for an aduauntage, which must be allowed: because onely to you women it was allotted.

*Milet.* Phao, thou art passing faire, and able to drawe a chaste eie not onely to glaunce: but to gaze on thee. Thy yong yeares, thy quick wit, thy staied desires are of force to controll those which should commaund.

*Phao.* Lady, I forgot to commend you first and leaste I shoulde haue ouerslipped to praise you at all, you haue brought in my bewtie, which is simple, that in curtesie I might remember yours, which is singuler.

*Milet.* You mistake of purpose, or miscōster of malice.

*Phao.* I am as farre from malice, as you from loue, & to mistake of purpose were to mislike of peenishnes.

*Milet.* As far as I from loue? Why, think you me so dull I cannot loue, or so spitefull I will not?

*Phao*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Phao.* Neither Lady: but howe shoulde men imagine women can loue, when in their mouths there is nothing rifer, then in faith I doe not loue.

*Milet.* Why, wil you haue womens loue in their tongs?

*Phao.* Yea, els doe I think there is none in their harts.

*Milet.* Why?

*Phao.* Because there was neuer any thing in the bottō of a womans heart, that commeth not to her tongs end.

*Mile.* You are too young to cheapen loue.

*Sapho.* Yet old ynough to talk with market folkes.

*Mile.* Well, let vs in?

*Isme.* Phao is come.

*Sapho.* Who? Phao? Phao, let him come neere: but who sent for him?

*Milet.* You Madame.

*Sapho.* I am loath to take any medicines: yet must I rather the pine in these maladies. Phao, you may make me sleepe, if you will?

*Phao.* If I can, I must, if you will?

*Sapho.* What hearbes haue you brought Phao?

*Phao.* Such as will make you sleepe Madame, though they cannot make me slumber.

*Sapho.* Why, howe can you cure me, when you cannot remedie your selfe?

*Phao.* Yes Madame, the causes are contrarye. For it is onely a drinesse in your braines, that keepeth you from rest. But,

*Sapho.* But what?

*Phao.* Nothing, but mine is not so.

*Sapho.* Nay, then I despaire of helpe, if our disease bee not all one.

*Phao.* I would our diseases were all one.

*Sapho.* It goes hard with the pacient, when the Phisitition is desperate.

*Phao.* Yet *Medea* made the euerwakinge Dragon to snorte, when shee poore soule could not winke.



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Sapho.* *Medea* was in loue, & nothing could cause her rest but *Iason*.

*Phao.* Indee'de I know no hearb to make louers sleep, but Heartes ease, which beecaue it groweth so high, I cannot reach: for,

*Sapho.* For whom?

*Phao.* For such as loue.

*Sapho.* It groweth very low, and I can neuer stoope to it, that,

*Phao.* That what?

*Sapho.* That I may gather it: but why doe you fighe so *Phao*?

*Phao.* It is mine vse *Madame*.

*Sapho.* It will doe you harme, and mee too: for I neuer heare one sigh: but I must sigh also.

*Phao.* It were best then that your Ladyship giue mee leaue to be gone: for I can but sigh.

*Sapho.* Nay stay: for now I beginne to fighe, I shall not leaue, though you be gone. But what do you thinke best for your sighing to take it away.

*Phao.* Yewe *Madame*.

*Sapho.* Mee?

*Phao.* No *Madame*, yewe of the tree.

*Sapho.* Then will I loue yewe the better. And indeede I think it would make mee sleepe too, therefore all other simples set aside, I will simply vse onely yewe.

*Phao.* Doe *madame*: for I think nothing in the world so good as yewe.

*Sapho.* Farewell for this time,

*Venus* Is not your name *Phao*?

*Phao.* *Phao*, faire *Venus*, whom you made so faire.

*Venus* So passing faire, O faire *Phao*, O sweete *phao*: what wilt thou doe for *Venus*?

*Phao.* Anye thing that commeth in the compasse of my poore fortune.

*Venus.* Cupid shal teach thee to shoote, & I wil instruct thee to dissemble.

*Phao.*



*Sapho and Phao*

*Phao.* I will learne any thing but dissembling.

*Venus.* Why my boy?

*Phao.* Because then I must learne to be a woman.

*Venus.* Thou heardest that of a man.

*Phao.* Men speake trueth.

*Venus.* But trueth is a she, and so alwaies painted.

*Phao.* I thinke a painted trueth.

*Venus.* Well, farewell for this time: for I must visit Sapho.  
*Phao exit.*

*Actus quartus, Scena prima.*

*Venus, Sapho, Cupid.*

*Venus.* Sapho, I haue heard thy complaintes, and pitied thine agonies.

*Sapho.* O Venus, my cares are onely knowne to thee, and by thee only came the cause. Cupid, why didst thou wound me so deepe?

*Cupid.* My mother bad me draw mine arow to þ head.

*Sapho.* Venus, why didst thou proue so hatefull?

*Venus.* Cupid tooke a wrong shafte.

*Sapho.* O Cupid too vnkinde, to make me so kind, that almost I transgresse the modestie of my kinde.

*Cupid.* I was blind and could not see mine arow.

*Sapho.* How came it to passe, thou didst hit my heart?

*Cupid.* That came by the nature of the head, which being once let out of the bowe, can finde none other lighting place but the heart.

*Venus.* Be not dismaide, Phao shall yeelde.

*Sapho.* If he yeelde, then shall I shame to embrace one so meane, if not, die: because I cannot embrace one so meane. Thus doe I finde no meane.

*Venus.* Well, I will worke for thee. Farewell.

*Sapho.* Farewell sweete Venus, and thou Cupid, which art sweetest in thy sharpenesse. *Exit Sapho.*

*Actus quartus, Scena secunda.*

*Venus, Cupid.*

*Venus.* Cupid, what haste thou done? put thine arowes



*Sapho and Phao.*

in Phaos eies; and wounded thy mothers heart:

*Cupid.* You gaue him a face to allure, then why should not I giue him eies to pearce?

*Venus.* O Venus, vnhappy Venus, who in bestowinge a benefit vpon a man, haste brought a bane vnto a Goddess. What perplexities dost thou feele? O faire Phao, and therefore made faire to breede in me a frenzie? O would that when I gaue thee golden lockes to curle thy head, I had shackled thee with yron lockes on thy feete. And when I noursed thee Sapho with lettice, woulde it had turned to hemlocke. Haue I brought a smooth skin ouer thy face, to make a rough scarre in my heart? and giuen thee a fresh colour like the damask rose, to make mine pale like the stained Turkie. O Cupid, thy flames with *Psyches* were but sparks, and my desires with *Adonis* but dreames, in respecte of these vnacquainted tormentes. Laugh *Iuno*, *Venus* is in loue, but *Iuno* shall not see with whome, least shee be in loue. Venus belike is become stale: Sapho forsooth because she hath many vertues, therefore she must haue all the fauours. Venus waxeth old: and then she was a pretie wench, when *Iuno* was a young wife, nowe crows foote is on her eie, and the black ox hath trod on her foote. But were Sapho neuer so vertuous, doth she thinke to contend with Venus to be as amorous? Yeelde Phao, but yeelde to me Phao, I entreate where I may commaund, commaunde thou, where thou shouldest entreate. In this case Cupid what is thy counsell, Venus must both play the loue and the dissembler, & therefore the dissembler, because the Louer.

*Cupid.* You will euer be playing with arowes, like childre with kniues, & the when you bleede, you cry, go to *Vulcan*, entreate by praiers, threaten with blowes, wooe with kisses, banne with curses, trie al meanes to rid these extremities.

*Venus.* To what end?

*Cupid.*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Cupid.* That hee might make mee new arrowes: for nothing can roote out the desires of Phao, but a new shafte of inconstancie, nor any thing turne Saphoes hart, but a new arrow of disdaine. And then they dislyking one the other, who shall enioy Phao but Venus?

*Venus.* I will follow thy counsell. For Venus, though she be in her latter age for yeares: yet is she in her Non-age for affections. When venus ceaseth to loue let Ioue cease to rule. But come, let vs to Vulcan.

*Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scena tertia.

*Sapho, Mileta, Ismena, Eugenia, Lamya, Fanilla, Canope.*

*Sapho.* What dreames are these Mileta? And can there be no trueth in dreames? yea, dreams haue their trueth. Me thought I saw a Stockdove or woodquilt, I knowe not how to tearm it, that brought short strawes to build his nest in a tall Cedar, where, whilest with his bill he was framing his building, he lost as many feathers from his winges, as he laid strawes in his nest: yet scrambling to catch hold to harbor in the house he had made, he suddenly fell from the bough where he stoode. And the pitifully casting vp his eies, hee cried in such tearmes (as I imagined) as might either condemne the nature of such a tree, or the daring of such a minde. Whilest he lay quaking vpon the ground, & I gazing on the Cedar, I might perceiue Antes to breede in the rinde, coueting only to hoord, & caterpillers to cleaue to the leaues, labouring only to suck, which caused mo leaues to fall frō the tree, then there did feathers before frō the dove. Me thought Mileta, I sighed in my sleepe, pittying both the fortune of the bird, & the misfortun of the tree: but in this time quilts began to bud againe in the bird, which made him looke as though he would flie vp, and then wished I that the body of the tree woulde bowe, that hee might but creepe vp the tree, then and so, Hey, ho.



*Sapbo and Phao.*

*Milet.* And so what?

*Sapbo.* Nothing Mileta: but and so I waked. But did no bodie dreame but I?

*Milet.* I dreamed last night, but I hope dreames are contrarye, that holding my heade ouer a sweete smoke, al my haire blazd on a bright flame. Me thought *Ismena* cast water to quench it: yet the sparks fell on my bosom, and wiping them away with my hand, I was all in a gore bloud, till one with a few fresh flowers staunched it. And so stretching my self as stif I started, it was but a dream.

*Isme.* It is a signe you shall fall in loue with hearinge faire words. Water signifieth counsell, flowers death. And nothing can purge your louing humour but death.

*Milet.* You are no interpreter: but an interprater, harping alwaies vpon loue, till you be as blind as a Harper.

*Isme.* I remember last night but one, I dreamed mine eie tooth was lose, & that I thrust it out with my tonge.

*Milet.* It foretellethe the losse of a friende: and I euer thought thee so full of prattle, that thou wouldest thrust out the best friend with thy tatling.

*Isme.* Yea Mileta: but it was loose beefore, and if my friend be lose, as good thrust out with plaine words, as kept in with dissembling.

*Euge.* Dreams are but dotings, which come either by thinges we see in the day, or meates that we eate, and so the common sense preferring it to be the imaginatiue.

*Isme.* Softe *Philosophatrix*, wel scene in the secretes of arte, and not seduced with the superstitions of nature.

*Sapbo.* *Ismenaes* tongue neuer lyeth still, I think all her teeth will be loose, they are so often iogged againste her tongue. But say on *Eugenua*.

*Euge.* There is all.

*Sapbo.* What did you dreame Canope?

*Canope.* I seldome dreame Madame: but sithence your sicknesse I cannot tell whether with our watching, but I haue had many phantastical visions: for euen now slumbring



bring by your beddes side, mee thought I was shadowed with a clowd, where labouring to vnwrap my self, I was more intangled. But in the midst of my striuing it seemed to mysell gold, with faire drops, I filled my lap, and running to shew it my fellowes, it turned to duste, I blushed, they laughed, and then I waked, being glad it was but a dreame.

*Isme.* Take heede Canope, that gold tempt not your lappe, and then you blush for shame.

*Canoe.* It is good lucke to dreame of gold.

*Isme.* Yea, if it had continued gold.

*Lamya.* I dreame euery night, and the last night this. Me thought that walking in the sunne, I was stung with the flye *Tarantula*, whose venom nothing can expell but the sweete consent of musicke. I tried all kinde of instruments, but found no ease, till at the last two Lutes tuned in one key so glutted my thirsting eares, that my griefe presently ceased, for ioye whereof as I was clapping my handes, your Ladyship called.

*Milet.* It is a signe that nothing shal assuage your loue but mariage: for such is the tying of two in wedlock, as is the tuning of two Lutes in one key: for strikinge the stringes of the one, strawes will stirre vpon the strings of the other, and in two mindes lincked in loue, one cannot be delighted, but the other reioyseth.

*Faul.* Mee thought going by the sea side amonge Pebels, I sawe one playing with a rounde stone, euer throwing it into the water, when the sunne shined, I asked the name, hee saide, it was called *Abeston*, which being once whotte, would neuer be cold, he gaue it me, and vanished. I forgetting my selfe, delighted with the fayre showe, would alwayes shewe it by candle light, pull it out in the Sunne, and see howe bright it would look in the fire, where catching heate, nothing could coole it: for anger I threwe it against the wall, and with the hea-



ting vp of myne arme I waked.

*Milet.* Beware of loue Fauilla: for womens hearts are such stones, which warmed by affection, cannot be coold by wisdom.

*Fauil.* I warrant you: for I neuer credit mennes word.

*I/me.* Yet be warie: for women are scorched somtimes with mens eies, though they had rather consume then confesse.

*Sappho.* Cease your talking: for I would faine sleepe, to see if I can dreame, whether the birde hath feathers, or the Antes winges. Draw the curteine.

Actus quartus, Scena quarta.

*Venus, Vulcan, Cupid.*

*Venus.* Come Cupid, Vulcans flames must quench Venus fires. Vulcan?

*Vulc.* Who?

*Venus.* Venus.

*Vul.* Ho ho Venus.

*Venus.* Come sweete Vulcan, thou knowest how sweete thou hast found Venus, who being of all the Goddesses the most faire, hath chosen thee of al the Gods the most foule, thou must needes then confesse I was most louing. Enquire not the cause of my suite by questions: but prevent the effects by curtesie. Make me six arowe heads, it is giuen thee of the Gods by permission to frame them to any purpose, I shall request them by praier. Why lowrest thou Vulcan? wilt thou haue a kisse? holde vppe thy head, Venus hath young thoughtes, and fresh affections. Rootes haue stringes, when boughs haue no leaues. But hearken in thine eare Vulcan. how saiest thou?

*Vulc.* Vulcan is a God with you, when you are disposed to flatter. A right womanne, whose tongue is lyke a Bees



*Saphe and Phao.*

Bees stinge, which pricketh deepest when it is fullest of honney. Because you haue made mine eies dronk with fayre lookes, you wil set mine eares on edge with sweete words. You were woont to say that the beating of hammers made your head ake, and the smoake of the forge your eies water, and euery coale was a blocke in your way. You weeperose water, when you aske, and spitte vinegar, when you haue obtained. What would you now to new arowes, belike Mars hath a tougher skin on his heart, or Cupid a weaker arme, or Venus a better courage. VVell Venus, there is neuer a smile in your face, but hath made a wrinckl in my forehead. *Ganymedes* must fill your cuppe, and you wil pledge none but *Iapiter*. But I wil not chide Venus. Come *Cyclops*, my wife must haue her will, let vs doe that in earth, which the Gods cannot vndoe in heauen.

*Venus.* Gramercie sweete Vulcan, to your worke.

*The Song, in making of the Arowes.*

*Vulc.* Heere Venus, I haue finished these arowes by arte, bestowe them you by witte: for as great aduise must he vse that hath them, as hee cunning that made them.

*Venus.* Vulcan, nowe you haue done with your forge, lette vs alone with the fancye: you are as the Fletcher, not the Archer, to meddle with the arowe, not the aime.

*Vulc.* I thought so: when I haue done working, you haue done wooing. Where is now sweete Vulcan? Well, I can say no more, but this, which is enoughe, and as much as any can say, Venus is a woman.

*Venus.* Bee not angrie Vulcan, I wyll loue thee agayne, when I haue cyther businesse, or nothing els to doe.



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Cupid.* My mother will make much of you, when  
there are no more men then Vulcan.

*Actus quintus, Scena prima.*

*Venus, Cupid.*

*Venus.* Come Cupid, receiue with thy fathers instru-  
mentes, thy mothers instructions: for thou must be wise  
in conceite, if thou wilt be fortunate in execution. This  
arow is feathered with the wings of *Aegitus*, which ne-  
uer sleepeth for feare of his hen: the heade toucht with  
the stone *Perilius*, which causeth mistruste and ielousie.  
Shoote this Cupid, at men that haue faire wiues, which  
will make them rubbe the browes, when they swell in  
the braines. This shaft is headed with *Lydian* steel, which  
strieth a deepe disdain of þ which we most desire, þ fea-  
thers are of *Tartel*, but dipped in the bloud of a *Tigresse*,  
draw this vp close to the head at Sapho, that she may de-  
spise, where now she doates. Good my boye gall her on  
the side that for Phaos loue shee may neuer sighe. This  
arow is feathered with the *Phoenix* wing, and headed  
with the Eagles bill, it maketh me passionate in desires,  
in loue constant, and wise in conueiaunce, melting as it  
were their fancies into faith; this arowe sweete childe,  
and with as great ayme as thou canst, must Phao be stri-  
ken withal, and cry softly to thy selfe in the verye loose,  
*Venus.* Swite Cupid mistake it not, I will make a quier  
for that by it selfe. The fourth hath feathers of the Pea-  
cock, but glewed with the gum of the *Mirtle* tree, hea-  
ded with fine golde, and fastened with brittle *Chrysocolle*:  
this shoote at daintie and coy Ladyes, at amiable and  
young Nymphes, chuse no other white but women: for  
this will worke lyking in their mindes, but not loue, af-  
fabilitie in speach, but no faith, courtly fauours, to bee  
Mistresses



*Sapho and Phao.*

Mistresses ouer many, but constant to none: fighes to be fetcht from the lunges, not the heart, and teares to bee wronge out with their fingers, not their eies, secrete laughing at mens pale lookes and neate attire, open reioycinge at their owne comlynesse and mens courtinge. Shoot this arow among the thickest of them, whose bosomes lye open, because they woulde be striken with it. And seeing men tearme women *Iupiters* fooles, women shall make men *Venus* fooles. This shafte is leade in the head, and whose feathers are of the night Raven, a deadly and poysoned shafte, which breedeth hate onely against those which sue for loue. Take heede Cupid thou hitte not Phao with this shafte: for then shall Venus perishe. This laste is an old arow, but newlye mended, the arow which hitte both Sapho and Phao, working onely in meane mindes an aspyring to superiours, & in heigh estates a stooping to inferiours: with this Cupid I am galled my selfe, till thou haue galled Phao with the other.

*Cupid.* I warrant you I will cause Phao to languishe in your loue, and Sapho to disdaine his.

*Venus.* Goe, loyter not, nor mistake your shafte. Now Venus, hast thou plaid a cunning parte, though not curraunt. But why should Venus dispute of vnlawfulnesse in loue, or faith in affection? beeing both the Goddesse of loue and affection? knowing there is as litle trueth to be vsed in loue as there is reason. No, sweete Phao, Venus will obtaine, because she is Venus. Not thou Ioue with thūder in thy hand shalt take him out of my hands, I haue new arowes now for my boy, and fresh flames, at which the Gods shall tremble, if they beginne to trouble me. But I will expect the euent, and tarye for Cupid at the forge.

*Phao.* I will expect the euent, and tarye for Cupid at the forge. *Actus*



*Sapbo and Phao.*

*Actus quintus, Schana secunda.*

*Sapbo, Cupid, Milet, Venus.*

*Sapbo.* What hast thou done Cupid?

*Cupid.* That my mother commaunded, *Sapbo.*

*Sapbo.* Mee thinkes I feele an alteration in my minde,  
and as it were a withdrawing in my self of mine own af-  
fections.

*Cupid.* Then hath mine arow his effect.

*Sapbo.* I pray thee tell me the cause?

*Cupid.* I dare not.

*Sapbo.* Feare nothing: for if Venus fret, *Sapbo* canne  
frowne, thou shalt be my sonne. *Milet*, giue him some  
sweete meates, speake good *Cupid*, and I will giue thee  
many pretie things.

*Cupid.* My mother is in loue with *Phao*, she willed mee  
to strike you with disdain of him, and him with desire  
of her.

*Sapbo.* O spiteful Venus, *Milet*, giue him some of that.  
What els *Cupid*?

*Cupid.* I could be euen with my mother: and so I will,  
if I shall call you mother?

*Sapbo.* Yea *Cupid*, call me any thing, so I may be euen  
with her.

*Cupid.* I haue an arow, with which if I strike *Phao*, it  
will cause him to loth onely Venus.

*Sapbo.* Sweete *Cupid*, strike *Phao* with it. Thou shalt  
sitte in my lappe, I will rocke thee asleepe, & feede thee  
with all these fine knackes.

*Cupid.* I will about it.

*Exit Cupid.*

*Sapbo.* But come quickly againe. Ah vnkinde Venus,  
is this thy promise to *Sapbo*? But if I gette *Cupid* from  
thee,



thee, I my selfe will be the Queene of loue. I will direct these arowes with better aime, and conquer mine own affections with greater modesty. Venus heart shal flame, and her loue be as commo as her crafte. O Milet, time hath disclosed that, which my temperance hath kept in: but sith I am rid of the disease, I will not be ashamed to confesse the cause. I loued Phao Milet, a thing vnfit for my degree, but forced by my desire.

*Milet.* Phao?

*Sapho.* Phao Milet, of whom nowe Venus is inamoured.

*Milet.* And doe you loue him still.

*Sapho.* No, I feele relenting thoughtes, and reason not yeelding to appetite. Let Venus haue him, no, shee shall not haue him. But here coms Cupid: How now my boy, haste thou done it?

*Cupid.* Yea, and left Phao rayling on Venus, and cursing her name: yet stil sighing for Sapho, and blasfing her vertues.

*Sapho.* Alas poore Phao, thy extreame loue should not be requited with so meane a fortune, thy faire face deserved greater fauours: I cannot loue, Venus hath hardened my heart.

*Venus.* I meruale Cupid commeth not all this while. How now, in Saphoes lapper?

*Sapho.* Yea Venus, what say you to it, in Saphoes lap?

*Venus.* Sir boy, come hither?

*Cupid.* I will not.

*Venus.* What now? will you not? hath Sapho made you so fawcie?

*Cupid.* I wil be Saphoes sonne. I haue as you commanded striken her with a deepe disdaine of Phao, and Phao as she entreated me, with a great despite of you.

*Venus.* Vnhappy wag, what hast thou done? I wil make thee repent it euery vaine in thy heart.



*Sapho.* Venus, be not collerick, Cupid is mine, he hath giuen me his Arowes, and I will giue him a new bowe to shoote in. You are not worthy to be the Ladye of loue, that yeelde so often to the impressions of loue. Immodest Venus, that to satisfie the vnbrideled thoughtes of thy hearte, transgressed so farre from the staye of thyne honour. Howe sayest thou Cupid, wilt thou bee with me?

*Cupid.* Yes.

*Sapho.* Shall not I bee on earth the Goddesse of affections?

*Cupid.* Yes.

*Sapho.* Shall not I rule the fancies of men, and lead Venus in chaines like a captiue?

*Cupid.* Yes.

*Sapho.* It is a good boy.

*Venus.* What haue we here, you the Goddesse of Loue? and you her Sonne, Cupid? I wil tame that proud heart, els shall the Gods say, they are not Venus friendes. And as for you, sir boy, I wil teach you how to run away: you shalbe stript from toppe to toe, and whipt with nettles, not roses. I will set you to blowe Vulcans coales, not to beare Venus quiuer, I will handle you for this geare: well, I say no more. But as for the new Mistresse of loue, or Lady, I cry you mercie, I think you would be called a Goddesse, you shall know what it is to vsurpe the name of Venus. I will pull those plumes, and cause you to cast your eies on your feete, not your feathers: your softe hayre will I turne to harde bristles, your tongue to a stinge, and those alluring eyes to vnluckynesse, in which if the Gods ayde me not, I will curse the Gods.

*Sapho.* Venus, you are in a vaine aunswerable to your vanitie, whose highe woordes neyther beecome you, nor feare mee. But lette this suffice, I will keepe Cupyd in despighte of you, and yet with the contente of the Gods.

*Venus*



*Sapho and Phao.*

*Venus.* Will you? why then we shall have pretie Gods in heaven, when you take Gods prisoners on earth. Before I sleepe you shall both repent and finde what it is but to thinke vnreuerently of Venus. Come Cupid, shee knowes not how to vse thee, come with mee, you knowe what I haue for you: will you not?

*Cupid.* Not I.

*Venus.* Well, I will be euen with you both, & that shortlye.

*Exit.*

*Sapho.* Cupid, feare not, I will direct thine arowes better. Euery rude asse shall not say he is in loue. It is a toye made for Ladies, and I will keepe it onely for Ladies.

*Cupid.* But what will you doe for Phao?

*Sapho.* I wil wish him fortunate. This wil I do for Phao: because I once loued Phao: for neuer shall it be said that Sapho loued to hate, or that out of loue she coulde not be as courteous, as she was in loue passionate. Come *Mileta*, shut the doore.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus quintus, Schæna tertia.*

*Phao, Sybilla.*

*Phao.* Goe too Sybilla, tell the beginning of thy loue, and the end of thy fortune. And loe how happilye shee sitteth in her caue. Sybilla?

*Syb.* Phao, welcome, what newes?

*Phao.* Venus, the Goddesse of loue I loth, Cupid causd it with a new shafte. Sapho disdaineth me, Venus causd it for a new spite. O Sybilla, if Venus be vnfaithful in loue, where shall one flye for trueth. Shee vseth deceite, is it not then likely she will dispence with subtiltie? And being carefull to commit iniuries, will shee not be carelesse to reuenge them. I must nowe fall from loue to la-

G

bour,



*Sapho and Phao.*

bour, and endeouour with mine oare to gette a fare, not  
with my penne to write a fancie. Loues are but smokes,  
which vanish in the seeing, and yet hurte whilest they  
are seene. A Ferrie Phao, no the starres cannot call it a  
worser fortune, Raung rather quer the world, forswear  
affections, entreate for death. O Sapho, thou haste Cu-  
pid in thine armes, I in my hearte, thou kissest him for  
sporte, I muste curse him for spite: yet will I not curse  
him Sapho, whome thou kissest. This shalbe my reso-  
lutiō, where euer I wander to be as I were euer kneeling  
before Sapho, my loyaltie vnspotted, though vnrewar-  
ded. With as litle malice will I goe to my graue, as I did  
lye withall in my cradle. My life shalbe spent in sighing  
and wishing, the one for my bad fortune, the other for  
Saphoes good.

*Sybilla.* Doe so Phao: for destinie calleth thee aswell  
from *Sycily* as from loue. Other thinges hange ouer thy  
head, which I must neither tell nor thou enquire. And  
so farewell.

*Phao.* Farewell Sybilla, and farewell *Sycily*. Thoughtes  
shalbe thy foode, and in thy steppes shalbe printed bee-  
hinde thee, that there was none so loyall lefte behinde  
thee. Farewell *Syracusa*, vnworthy to harbour faith, and  
when I am gone, vnlesse Sapho be here, vnlikely to har-  
bourn any.

*The*



## *The Epilogue.*



Hey that treade in a maze, walke oftentimes in one path, and at the laste come out wher they entered in. We fear we haue lead you all this while in a Labyrinth of conceites, diuerse times hearing one deuice, & haue now brought you to an end, where we first beganne. Which wearisome trauaile you must impute to the necessitie of the hystorie, as *Theseus* did his labor to the arte of  $\phi$  Labyrinth. Ther is nothing causeth such giddines, as going in a wheele, neither can there any thing breede such tediousnesse, as hearing manie wordes vttered in a small compasse. But if you accept this daunce of a Farie in a circle, wee will hereafter at your willes frame our fingers to all formes. And so we wilh euery one of you a thread to leade you out of the doubtles, wherwith we leaue you intangled, that nothing be mistaken by our rash ouersightes, nor misconstrued by your deepe insightes.

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mas Dawson, for Thomas Cadman.





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